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BRIAN PULIDO'S

# Lady Death

A MEDIEVAL TALE



**CrossGen**



00911

crossgen.com

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## THUS FAR IN LADY DEATH

Amidst a harrowing battle between warrior knights and the otherworldly Eldritch, a child is conceived. Blood of both clans, she belongs to neither. Years later, the child, Hope, is reborn as Lady Death.

To free her father Tvarus, Lady Death informs Wolf that she will attempt the impossible: to cross the border-bridge into the dreaded borderlands and infiltrate the mysterious Eldritch realm of Aglarond.

In Aglarond, Thorm's sons have returned home from study, to Thorm's delight and his paramour Octavia's disappointment. The captive Tvarus, Thorm's brother and Octavia's husband, pleads with Astragalus, his patron Chaos lord, for help escaping...





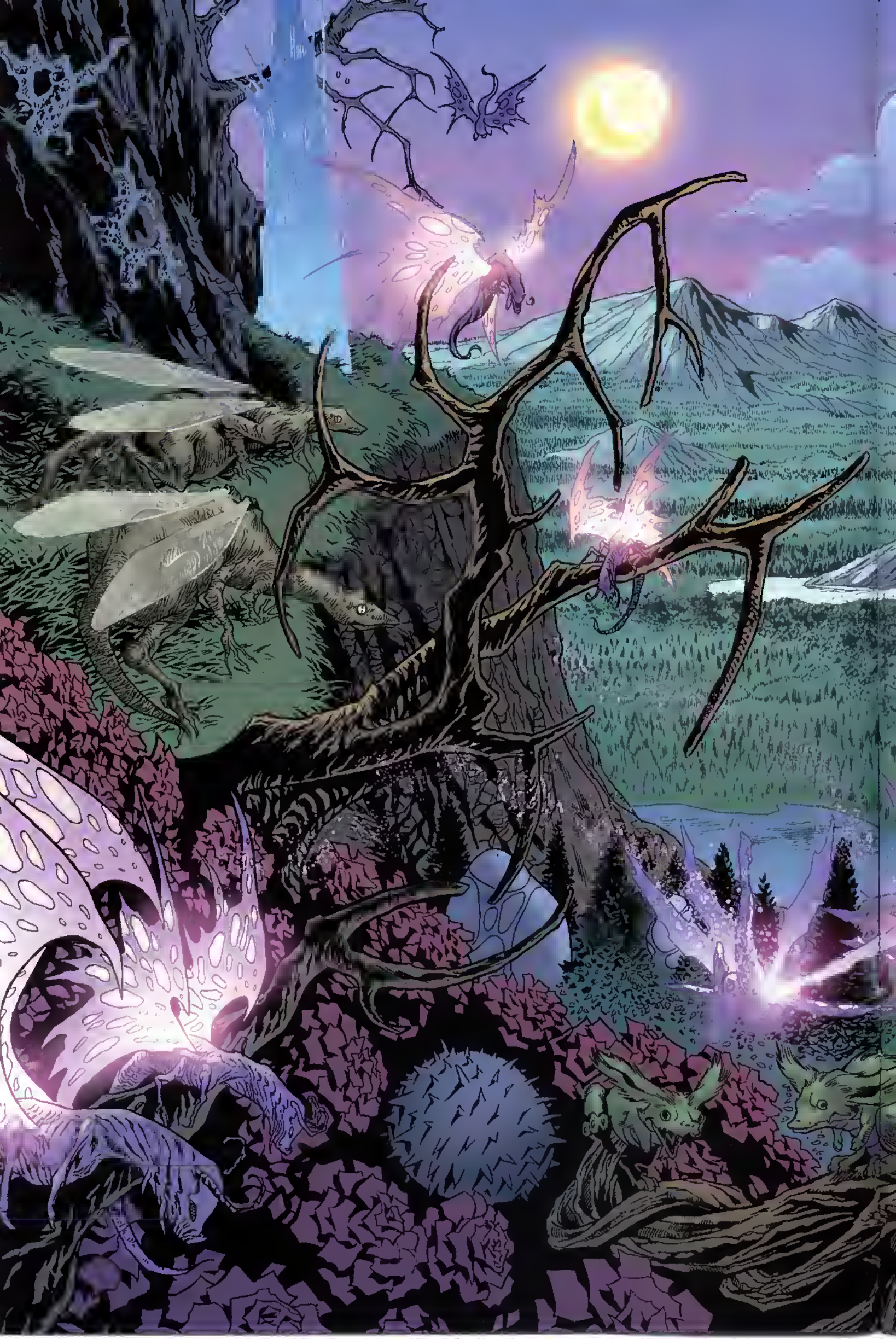
WHAT JUST  
HAPPENED?

DIDN'T  
YOU SEE THE  
BEAUTIFUL  
COLORS, WOLF?  
THE SWIRLING  
WINDS?

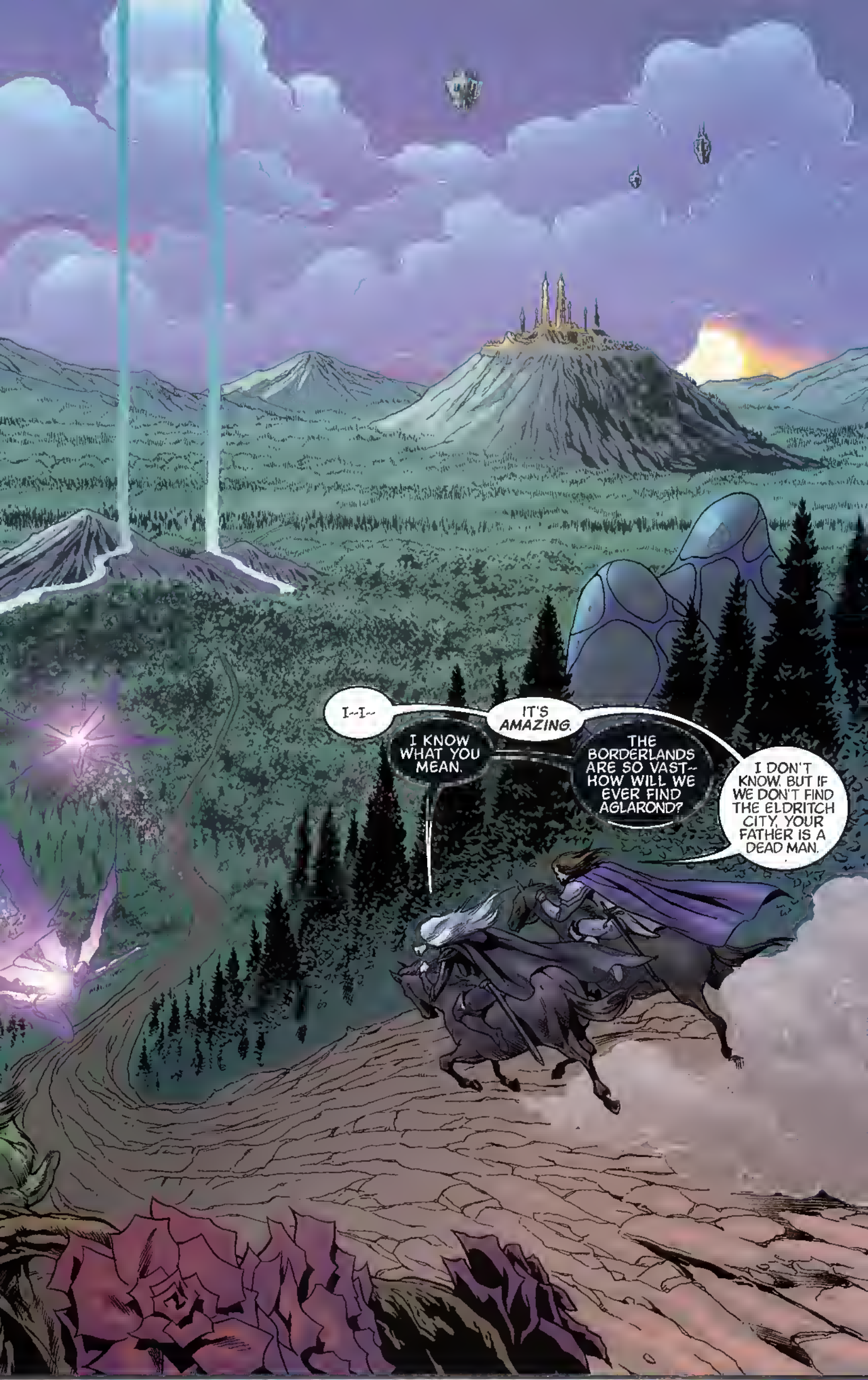
HOPE,  
ALL I SAW  
WAS A CLIFF  
AND AN ENOLESS  
CHASM. MY HEART  
WAS BEATING SO  
HARD I THOUGHT  
IT WAS GOING  
TO BURST.

WHAT  
DO YOU SEE  
NOW?









I-I

IT'S  
AMAZING.

I KNOW  
WHAT YOU  
MEAN.

THE  
BORDERLANDS  
ARE SO VAST--  
HOW WILL WE  
EVER FIND  
AGLAROND?

I DON'T  
KNOW. BUT IF  
WE DON'T FIND  
THE ELDRITCH  
CITY, YOUR  
FATHER IS A  
DEAD MAN.





DID YOU  
SEE WHAT  
I SAW?

THEY JUST  
DISAPPEARED!

WAIT.

WHAT IS  
THAT?



ISN'T IT BE  
MAGNIFICENT,  
JUWEEN?

YES, BUT  
SHOULD WE  
BE OUT IN  
THE OPEN?

OH, POO.  
WHY WORRY,  
MY LOVE?

CALL ME  
THAT AGAIN,  
LATTAR, AND  
I'LL HIT YOU  
GOOD.



WHAT ARE  
THEY?

BETTER  
YET--

WHAT ARE THEY  
SEEING THAT WE  
CANNOT SEE?



THEY  
NO MISS  
ONE BRICK,  
YES?

I DON'T  
THINK WE  
SHOULD  
BE HERE,  
LATTAR.

LET'S  
GO.

YOU  
WORRY MUCH,  
JUWEEN.



MAYBE  
YOU HAVE  
CAUSE TO  
WORRY!

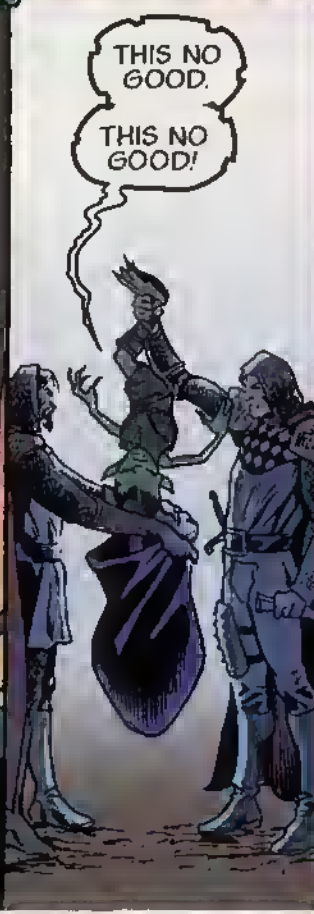
OH,  
ENOUGH.

THIS  
NOT GOOD.





EERGH!!







WOLF—  
WE'RE BEING  
FOLLOWED.



FOLLOWED?  
WE'RE  
SURROUNDED.

WHAT  
DO YOU  
THINK WE  
SHOULD  
DO?

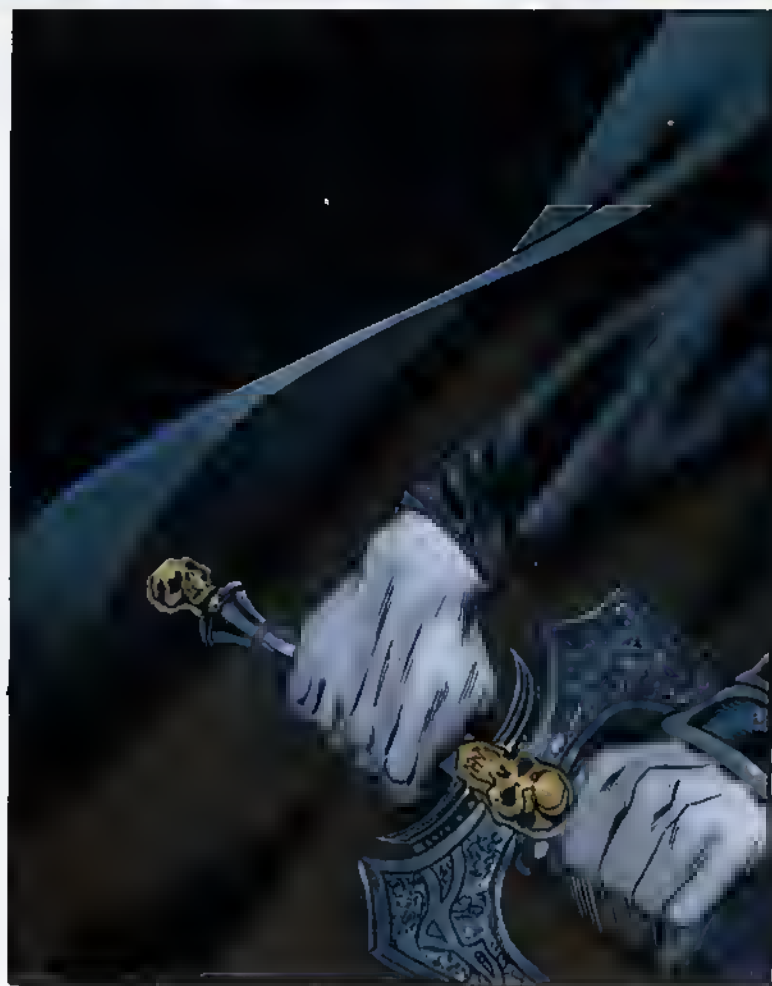


LOOKS LIKE WE  
CORNERED OURSELVES  
AN ELDRITCH, EH,  
BROTHERS AND  
SISTERS?

YOU KNOW  
BETTER THAN TO  
TAKE THIS PATH,  
PALE ONE!

SURRENDER  
YOUR WEAPONS  
AND SUPPLIES!

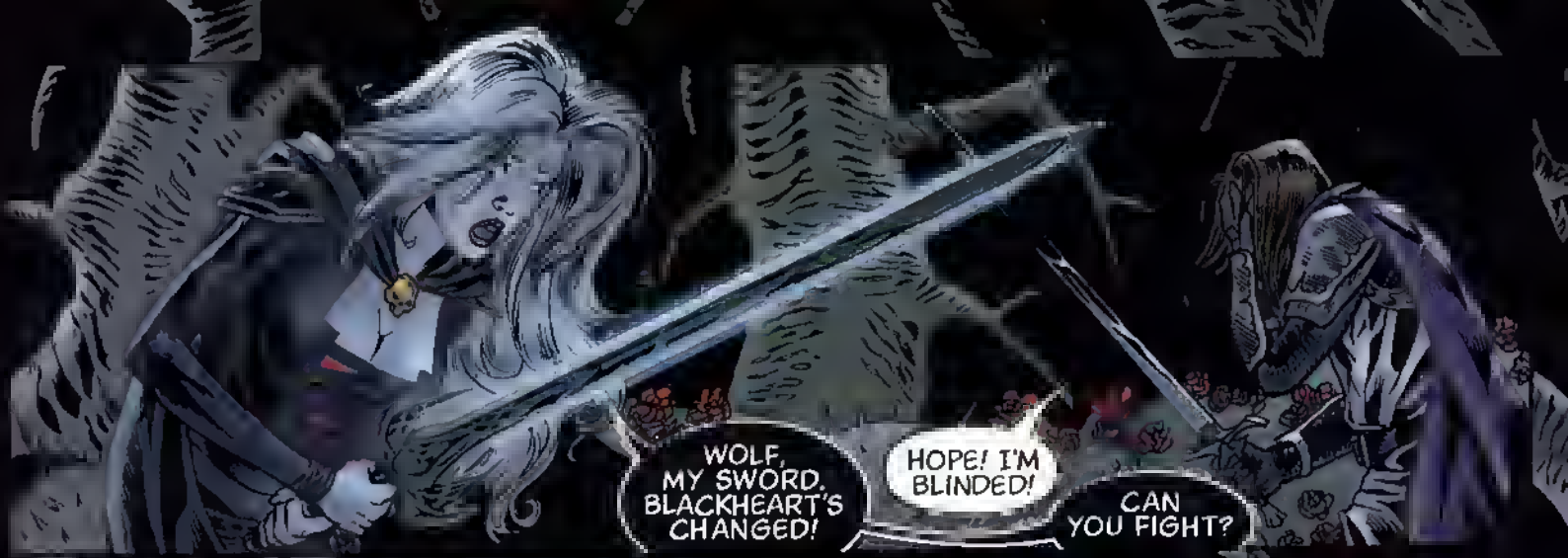












WOLF,  
MY SWORD,  
BLACKHEART'S  
CHANGED!

HOPE! I'M  
BLINDED!

CAN  
YOU FIGHT?



**NO!**  
I CANNOT  
SEE!

WHERE  
ARE THEY?

**EVERYWHERE!**

NOT ALL  
OF US ARE AT  
THE MERCY OF  
YOUR ELDRITCH  
TRICKERY.

YOU  
THINK YOU CAN  
SIMPLY DANCE  
YOUR WAY INTO  
LOW-LANDER  
TERRITORY?

WHO  
SENT  
YOU?

WHY  
ARE YOU  
HERE?





I OWE  
YOU NO  
ANSWERS.

HER SWORD  
IGNITES! BEWARE,  
BROTHERS AND  
SISTERS!

WHAT IS  
HAPPENING  
TO MY  
SWORD?



NO MATTER-I'LL  
TURN IT TO MY  
ADVANTAGE AND BUY  
WOLF SOME TIME  
TO RECOVER.



WHERE ARE  
THEY?

WHERE  
DID THEY  
GO?



HOPE,  
WHERE ARE  
YOU?!

WOLF!  
I'M OVER  
HERE!

SILLY  
HUMAN...





A LITTLE  
TASTE WILL  
TAKE THE FIGHT  
OUT OF HIM.



AT  
YOUR  
FEET!



MY SIGHT...  
RETURNING...  
  
OH, NO,  
NOT THOSE  
PESKY RODENTS  
AGAIN!



ME NOT A  
RODENT! ME  
A GREEL--

POING





"LUMMMMMMMM!"



D-UH.



I CAN SEE AGAIN!

AS CAN WE...

OKAY. MY SWORD'S ACTING STRANGELY.

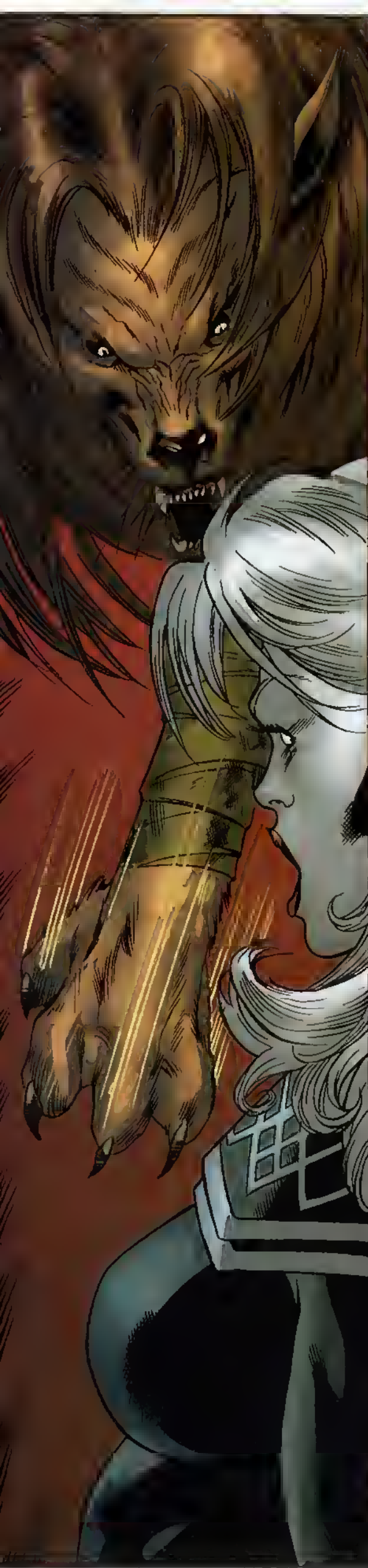
WE'RE SURROUNDED.

ANY SUGGESTIONS?

OUR CHOICES ARE RUN OR FIGHT.

PICK ONE.









YOU TRUST THEM?

NO, BUT WHAT CHOICE DO WE HAVE?



UNDERSTAND THAT OUR RACES HAVE ALL BEEN SLAVES TO THE ELDRITCH AT ONE TIME OR ANOTHER, AND WHILE OUR PEOPLE ARE CONTENT TO PLAY PET FOR THE WHITE DEMONS...

NOT US.



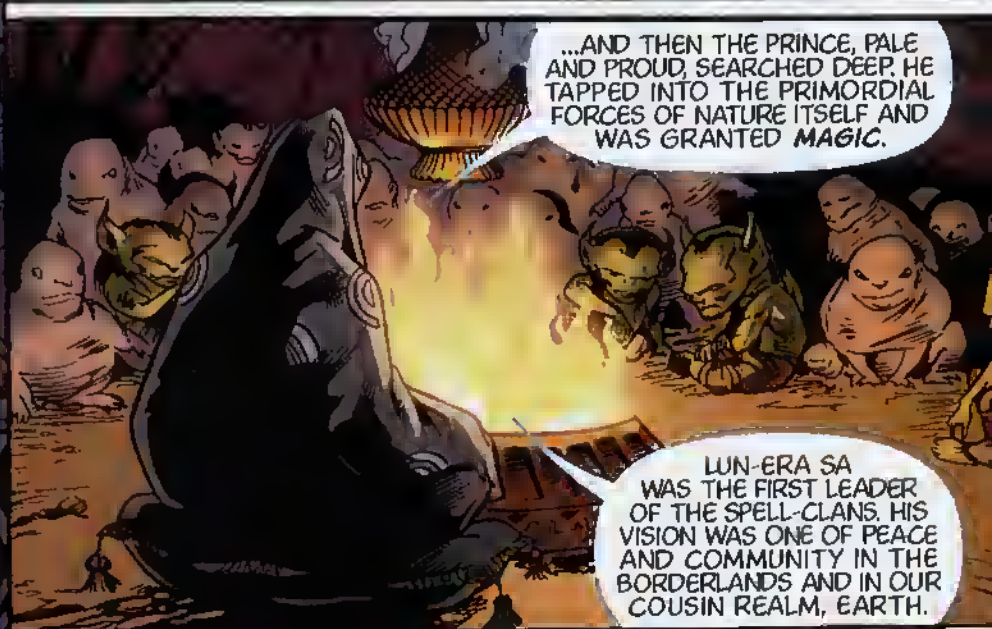
WE ARE THE LOW-LANDERS AND ONE DAY WE SHALL LEAD A REVOLUTION AND TOPPLE AGLAROND ITSELF.

COME.



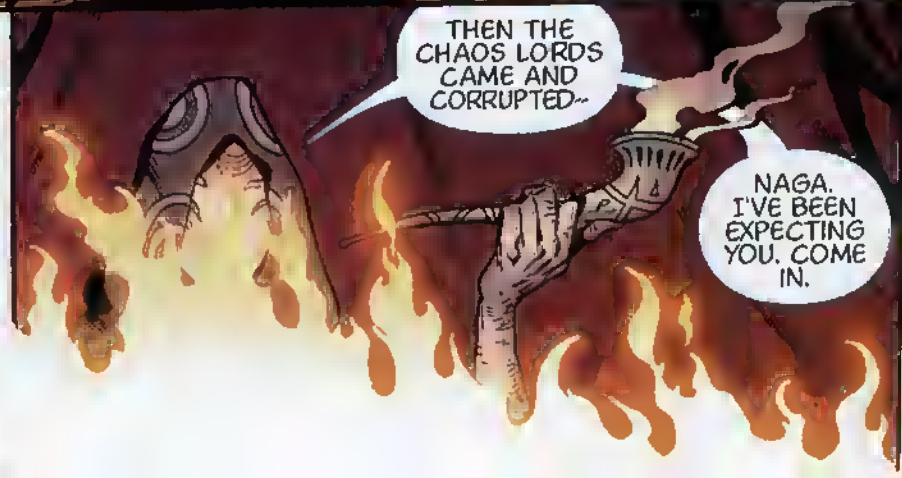
LET ME PASS.

WE HAVE A MOST UNUSUAL GUEST.



...AND THEN THE PRINCE, PALE AND PROUD, SEARCHED DEEP. HE TAPPED INTO THE PRIMORDIAL FORCES OF NATURE ITSELF AND WAS GRANTED MAGIC.

LUN-ERA SA WAS THE FIRST LEADER OF THE SPELL-CLANS. HIS VISION WAS ONE OF PEACE AND COMMUNITY IN THE BORDERLANDS AND IN OUR COUSIN REALM, EARTH.



THEN THE CHAOS LORDS CAME AND CORRUPTED--

NAGA. I'VE BEEN EXPECTING YOU. COME IN.





YOU MUST LEAVE  
YOUR WEAPONS WITH  
THE GUAROS.

ENTER.

YOU HAVE NOTHING  
TO FEAR AND EVERY-  
THING YOU KNOW ABOUT  
THE ART OF WAR WOULD  
AVAIL YOU NOT SHOULD WE  
CHOOSE TO COME TO BLOWS.



IS THAT  
WHY WE'RE  
HERE?  
TO BE  
THREATENED  
FURTHER?

CALM  
YOURSELF,  
WARRIOR.



YOU  
ARE AMONG  
FRIENDS. I SIMPLY  
WISH YOU TO  
KNOW WHERE  
I STAND.



YOU  
MAY CALL  
ME THE  
SEER.



HOPE, TO  
ARMS! SHE'S  
ELORITCH!

WE'VE BEEN  
TRICKEO!

SLOW YOUR  
HEART, WARRIOR.  
YOU ARE TRULY SAFE  
HERE. THOUGH I AM  
ELORITCH BORN,  
I EMBRACE NONE  
OF MY PEOPLE'S  
CURRENT WAYS.

IN FACT, I  
DETEST WHAT  
OUR RACE HAS  
BECOME.



I AM HOPE  
AND THIS IS  
WOLFRAM VON  
BACH.

BRIGHT GREETINGS,  
LADY DEATH. YOU'RE  
A MIXED BREED.  
FASCINATING.

WELL I HAVE TO CONGRATULATE  
YOUR TEACHER ON YOUR COMBAT  
TRAINING, BUT YOU'VE LITTLE  
KNOWLEDGE ABOUT THE EXTENT  
OR USE OF YOUR MAGICAL  
ABILITIES--

AM I  
RIGHT?

YES, YOU ARE.  
HOW DO YOU  
KNOW THAT?!

INCOMPLETE  
UNDERSTANDING  
OF YOUR MAGICAL  
SIDE IS QUITE  
DANGEROUS. I'M  
SURPRISED YOU  
HAVEN'T HAD  
ACCIDENTS.

IN ANSWER TO  
YOUR QUESTION,  
HOW DO I KNOW?  
I DON'T KNOW.

MY GUESS IS  
THAT MY INNATE  
ABILITY TO "SEE" GROWS  
OUT OF MY LINEAGE.

EACH ELDRITCH FAMILY HAS A  
SPECIALIZED MAGICAL ABILITY.

STORIES SAY  
WE ADAPTED OUR  
MAGICKS TO SURVIVE  
THE FOES OF OUR  
ANCESTRAL LINE OR TO  
PROTECT US FROM  
THE CAPRICIOUS  
CHAOS LORDS THEM-  
SELVES, BUT IT  
DOESN'T  
MATTER.

THE  
ELDRITCH  
MISUSE THEIR  
MAGIC.

IT WAS  
INTENDED  
FOR PEACE,  
NOT WAR.

I KNOW YOUR  
MISSION. AND I KNOW  
YOUR OUTLANDISH GOAL--  
YOU WISH TO RESCUE  
TVARUS, YOUR FATHER,  
AND TOPPLE THE RULE  
OF THORM GARA.

KNOW THIS: WITHOUT CONTROL AND  
MASTERY OF YOUR SPELLS, YOU AND YOUR  
MENTOR WILL NOT SURVIVE AGLAROND.

I CAN TRAIN YOU, TEACH YOU  
TO TAP FULLY INTO YOUR ANCESTRAL  
POWERS, BUT IN RETURN I WILL  
ASK SOMETHING OF YOU.

WHAT  
IS IT YOU  
WANT?

I WILL  
REVEAL WHAT  
I WANT ONLY  
AFTER YOU  
AGREE.

WHAT  
DO YOU  
SAY?





THORM  
IS OBSESSED  
WITH WAR AND  
THE RETURN OF  
HIS SONS!

HE'S  
FORGOTTEN  
ABOUT ME.

A FATAL  
OVERSIGHT,  
MILAOY?

MISGUIDED,  
AT THE VERY  
LEAST.



HOW GOES THE  
SPELL-CANNON,  
SARITTAR?

I'VE CHANGED  
A FEW ELEMENTS  
OF THE OESIGN,  
FATHER, AND IT WILL  
TAKE A BIT LONGER--



CHANGED  
THE OESIGN?  
MORE TIME?

WE HAVE  
NO MORE  
TIME.

PELAGRIM,  
WHY ARE YOU  
ASSISTING YOUR  
BROTHER? LEAVE  
THAT FOR THE  
NOBLICTS.





WE ARE COUNTING ON THIS CANNON BEING COMPLETE IN A FORT-NIGHT! YOU ALWAYS DO THIS!

THERE WERE FLAWS IN THE DESIGN--

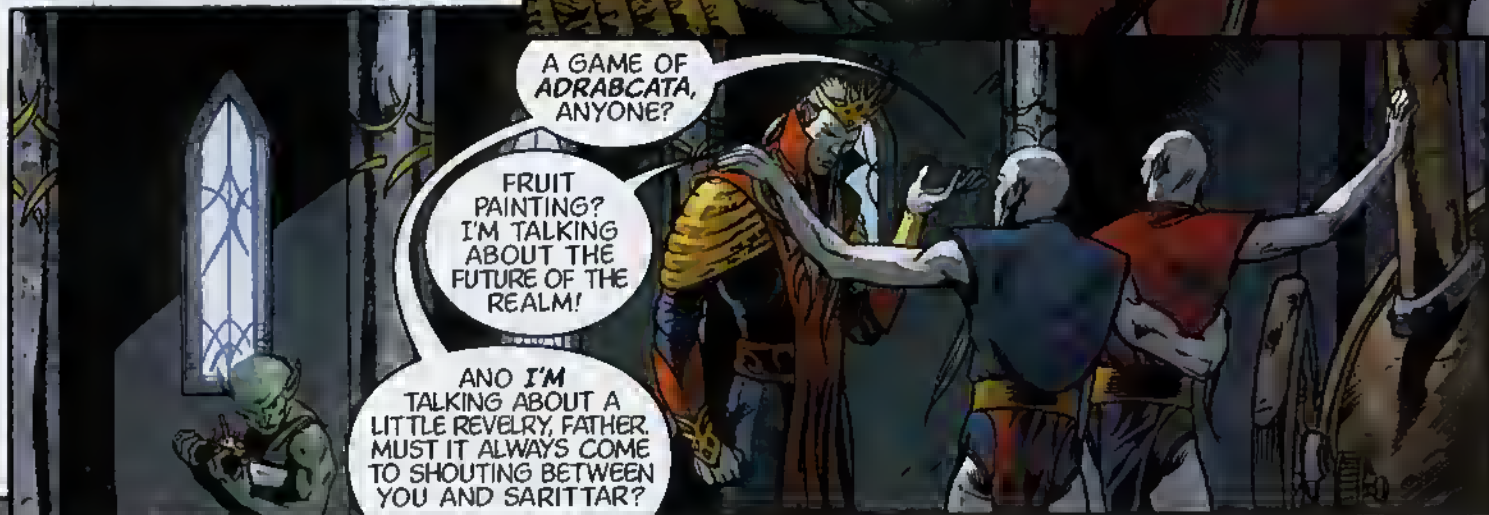
NO, THERE WEREN'T.



THE FLAW IS THAT YOU DON'T LISTEN. YOU HAVE YOUR OWN AGENOA.

I WANT THAT CANNON DONE ON TIME, YOU HEAR ME?

IT'LL BE BETTER THAN DONE WHEN I'M FINISHED.



A GAME OF ADRABCATA, ANYONE?

FRUIT PAINTING? I'M TALKING ABOUT THE FUTURE OF THE REALM!

AND I'M TALKING ABOUT A LITTLE REVELRY, FATHER. MUST IT ALWAYS COME TO SHOUTING BETWEEN YOU AND SARITTAR?



A GAME OF ADRABCATA.

YOU ARE A JOKER, PELAGRIM. YOU ALWAYS LIGHTEN THE MOMENT.

WHAT A GIFT.



COME WITH ME--

I HAVE A MISSION FOR YOU, PELAGRIM.

ANYTHING YOU DESIRE, MY LORO.

MANY THANKS, BROTHER.





PELAGRIM,  
I WANT YOU TO  
GO TO THE HUMAN  
KINGDOM AND  
DETERMINE THE  
REGIONAL  
STRONGHOLD  
OF HUMAN  
POWER.

ME?



YOU'RE--YOU'RE SURE  
ABOUT THIS, FATHER?  
THERE ARE OTHERS  
BETTER SUITED...

ARE YOU  
QUESTIONING MY  
COMMAND?

NO.

THIS IS YOUR  
CHANCE TO SHINE,  
SON. TO GET OUT  
FROM UNDER YOUR  
BROTHER'S  
SHADOW.

BUT...I'M  
THE FUNNY  
ONE, I'M  
NOT--



THEN IT IS  
SETTLED!  
I WANT  
YOU TO  
HEAD OUT  
AT ONCE.



YES, MY  
LORD.





WELL? YOUR  
ANSWER?



I  
DECLINE  
YOUR  
OFFER.  
THIS IS  
ALL TOO  
MUCH TOO  
FAST.



WHAT?! YOU  
REFUSE THE  
SEER?

I MUST  
MAKE  
HASTE.  
MY  
FATHER  
NEEDS  
ME.

YOU  
SHOULD...  
RECON-  
SIDER.

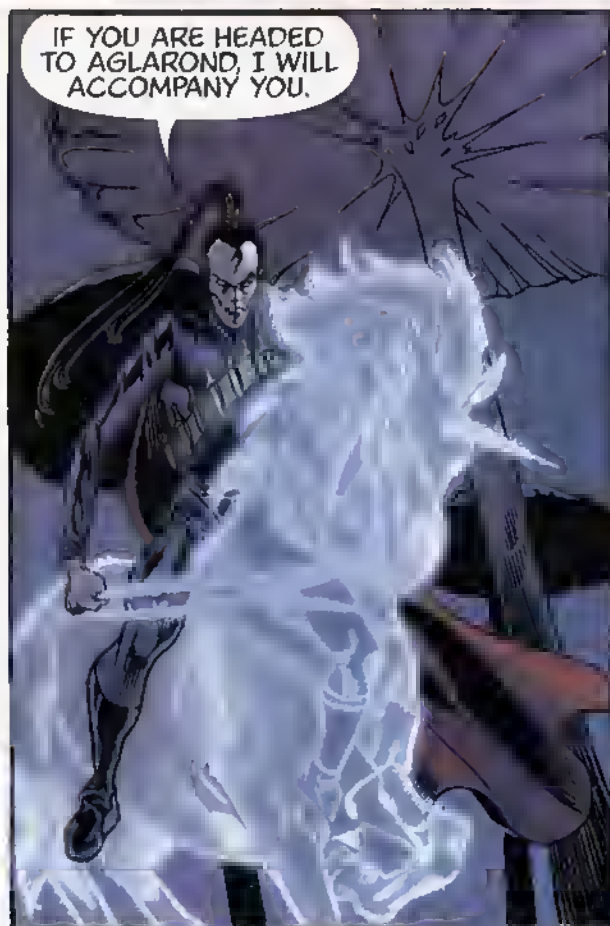


I  
APPRECIATE  
YOUR OFFER,  
REALLY I DO, BUT I  
CANNOT SPARE THE  
TIME FOR TRAINING.  
WE MUST BE ON  
OUR WAY.

FAREWELL.

DON'T  
LET THEM  
OUT OF YOUR  
SIGHT, OLD  
FRIEND









WHY  
DID YOU  
LET THEM  
GO?

WORRY  
NOT,  
NAGA.

OUR  
PATHS ARE  
DESTINED TO  
CROSS AGAIN.  
WHEN THEY DO,  
THINGS WILL  
BE **VERY**, **VERY**  
DIFFERENT.





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Fabrizio wishes to  
dedicate this book to his  
wonderful wife Titta!

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